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THE FATE OF ADONIS.

DEEP in the forest lies Adonis, dead ;

By him, his bow and spear ; there, in his side,
Is the fell wound the cursed boar's tusk made ;

His clear blue eyes his cold white eyelids hide ;
Cool zephyrs fan his cheeks and kiss his hair,
And mourn the sad death of a youth so fair.

Now lovely Venus suddenly appears,

And by Adonis' prostrate form she falls ;
His white face she suffuses with her tears,

And on the murderous boar dire vengeance calls ;
Kisses his bloodless lips, raves, tears her hair,
And groans, and wrings her hands in her despair.

At length to Pluto's realms away she speeds,

Of Ceres' stolen child a boon to crave :
That Adon be restored to life, she pleads ;

Not his the flesh should feed the greedy grave.
The goddess, sympathizing with her guest,
Inclines a gracious ear to her request.

Adon shall live again, but not alone

For Venus' sake ; Elysium ill may spare

So sweet a youth ; Adonis, thou'rt thine own

No longer, but henceforth thyself must share

With these two goddesses, and each year resign

To Venus half, and half to Proserpine !

CHARLES ELIPHALET REED.